THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

IF YOU LIKE to go traveling (who doesn't?), just whisk yourself right on to Julie Bedier's "magic carpet" to spend your "Christmas in Mission Lands," to see how "cherubs with almond eyes" sing and play and pray their "birthday greetings" to the Infant King.

"PREPARE YE the way of the Lord . . ." is the keynote of Father Benedict Ehmann's article . . . "Only if we live and feel with our Mother Church during Advent will our souls be healed and enlarged by the graces of Christmas."

WHY DO NEOPHYTES "have a particular claim on our prayers for their perseverance?" Father Spence, who comments on the December Mission Intentions, is the author of a recent pamphlet, "The Ideal Parishioner," published by the Paulist Press, and is stationed at St. Anthony's Church in Brookland, D.C.

"INGENUITY AND VERSATILITY rank with patience and perseverance as medical missionary virtues, particularly in the dispensary!" . . . writes Sister Elise as she tells us about some of the "situations" she meets as a doctor at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi.

WHY DO THE INDIANS sleep outside instead of inside "when winter comes?" **WHY** did Mr. Dhobi move his donkey into Mrs. Dhobi's house? **WHAT** happens when Medical Missionaries are "called in the night?" **YOU** will find ALL THE ANSWERS are in the "Indian Trilogy"!

AND DON'T FORGET to meet JAHAN! He is the sisters' "man-about-the-house" in PATNA. And what a Jahan?—Jack-of-all-trades—yet master of none . . . you will want to make his acquaintance!

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

Sister Superior

MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE

8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Medical Mission Sisters extend to all their friends and benefactors heartfelt wishes for a Holy and Joyful Christmas and assure them all of a remembrance at Midnight Mass Which, according to custom, is offered for their benefactors.

The mothers of India frequently call down heaven's benediction on the sisters who help them and their children. These good wishes and expressions of appreciation are meant for all our friends and benefactors who make the sisters' work possible. You, as a faithful subscriber, are among them. God bless you!

Thomas A. Kempis Said . . .

This Christmas, passionate yearnings for peace will well up from millions of hearts. What good will they do? Thomas a Kempis long ago hit the nail on the head when he said: "All men desire peace, but very few desire those things that make for peace."

What are those things so few desire? One could ramble through endless possibilities but why waste time? We who have seen the Star of Bethlehem twinkling over the newborn Savior and have heard the angels proclaim His first message, know that peace is only for men of good will. That all might see, the heavenly host appeared amidst splendor and light; that all might hear, the first peace offer was given by the angelic choir in strains of song in profound midnight stillness when men and nature could not drown it out.

It was an impressive message, simple and easy to understand. But the language of words fails to affect the indifferent, the blasé, the hardhearted. They need the stirring lesson of example!

Christ was mindful of that from the very hour of His birth. The city folk of Bethlehem had refused shelter to His mother in her hour of need—surely reason enough for bitter indignation—yet not a word of threat or revenge is recorded. Instead the Holy Family took shelter in an outlying cave and made the best of what was at hand: straw and a manger, the warm breath of animals and the gifts of poor shepherds. In the Divine plan, this was the setting for the most historic and most effective peace scene of all time. There was no display of physical strength, no material attraction — only love, sacrifice, forgiveness, understanding. These are the things that make for peace. But very few desired them "Anno Domini one"—and very few desire them "Anno Domini nineteen forty-one"!

—A. D.

MUTUAL GIFTS

In the midnight,
Under the star,
Deep in a cave,
He

From Paradise
Came suddenly
To share with us
Pain.

So, each to each,
As Christmas dawns,
Can we declare
Joy.

But the world waits
On us meanwhile
For what He brings—
Grace;

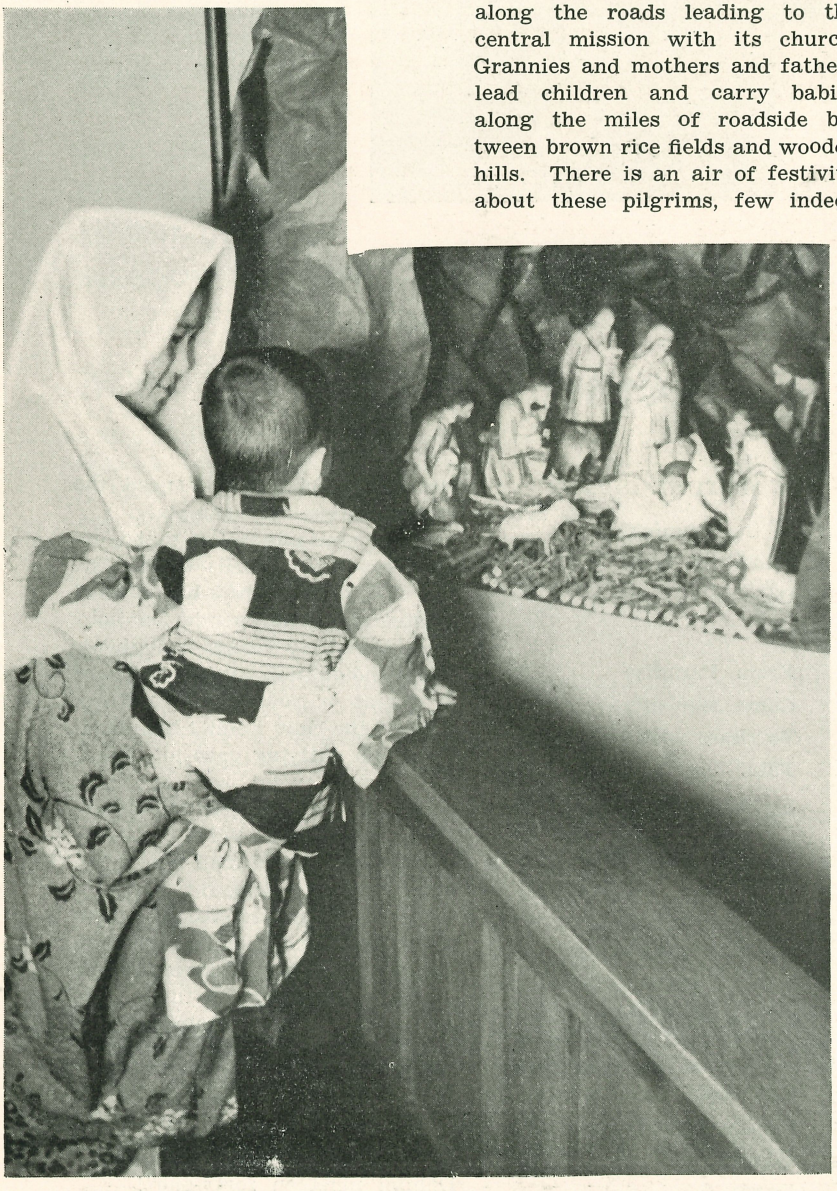
For what was sung
By angel choirs—
Good-will to men—
Peace.

T. Gavan-Duffy

Christmas in Mission Lands

by
JULIE BEDIER

Along the wide pagan stretches of the Orient there are cities and villages where thousands of children never know when Christmas comes. To them it is just another day in the year—another day of work for most of them, another school day for some, and for far too many it is another day of hunger and suffering. But in spite of this great body of darkness where the blessed Christmas star has never shone, there is a stir among the villages of China and of Korea and of Japan and of Manchukuo about Christmas time, when lines of pilgrims start out along the roads leading to the central mission with its church. Grannies and mothers and fathers lead children and carry babies along the miles of roadside between brown rice fields and wooded hills. There is an air of festivity about these pilgrims, few indeed though they be among the unknowing humanity about them. Brightest and cleanest clothes are worn; little girls' pigtails are decked with gay ribbons and on the shining faces there is an air of eager expectancy. Even though the journey may take several day's walk there is no sense of hurry; it is steady going, with a pleasant stop-over at night in the house of some relative or friend.



In Korea the white-robed candidates for baptism are the most enthusiastic of all. They come, whole families, and after the arrival at the mission they settle down for a few nights' stay in the big house of hospitality or in the homes of friends, and then the catechism examination takes place. Too bad for father and mother if small son, with his tenacious memory, knows the catechism better than his elders! What excitement when the priest and the catechist hold the long examination, and when everybody has passed, somehow, even old granny who weeps because she can remember nothing right! Then come the baptisms, and the priest's arm grows tired as he proceeds with the blessed task. This is a Christmas Eve indeed! The old Chris-

---

CHRISTMAS IN MANCHUKUO

I cannot bear to see Christmas go by in a maze of fir trees, holly, red ribbons and greeting cards—and have the fact overlooked that the one purpose for which Christ came into this world was to draw men to Himself. Today there are millions — staggering numbers — who have as much right to all that Christmas means as we have. They simply have not been presented to our Savior. — Father Theophane, C.P.

tians stand about and congratulate the newly baptized, and all the children look with wondering eyes at the preparations for the erection of the Crib and for the Christmas play. There are festoons of pine and of colored paper, and lines of bright paper lanterns that will burn all night to tell all, Catholics and pagans, that Christ is born again. The school children will give a play, and until the last minute they are busy practicing and putting finishing touches to angels' wings and shepherds' robes!

Midnight Mass, with the many children and grownups who receive their First Holy Communion, is the great event of the whole Christmastide. There is much of Christ and less of Santa Claus in the Korean Christmas; more of the Crib and less of reindeer; more of praying, and less of eating turkey dinners, than in our own country. Of course on Christmas day, while the Catholics from outlying stations are still about the mission, there are plays and games and a Christmas tree. Old Santa may appear and give out rice, candy and apples to the rejoicing children, whose rather drab and poor little homes provide little of entertainment. The school play usually has to be held out-of-doors, as no auditorium could hold the throngs that crowd round to see. Of course the Christmas season is one of intense activity for the priests and the sisters at the mission. Their Christmas is spent entirely in making happiness for others, and so it is a real Christmas for them, even though weariness may be so great that they themselves do not know how they "keep going."

Manchukuo, another snowy land, has its Christmas celebration with children in their bright blue gowns and holiday smiles. The eve of Christmas with its baptisms, its hundreds of confessions, its air of busy happiness and expectancy, is the same in all the missions. In one city of Manchukuo Japanese and Chinese Catholics fraternize on Christmas; Japanese ladies who have spent days gathering and making up presents for the Chinese poor help the sisters in the preparations for the festival at the Chinese mission. One Christmas day the old and ever-new Christmas drama was played by Manchukuo parish school children in the wind-swept mission compound. Again Mary and Joseph sought shelter in the crowded inn, and the real little donkey seemed to sense the solemnity of the occasion, behaving with all the grave

"Cherubs with almond eyes and crepe paper wings sang 'Glory to God in the highest . . .'"

dignity that God has given to the members of the animal kingdom. While closely packed crowds of grown-ups looked on in silent awe, cherubs with almond eyes and crepe paper wings sang "Glory to God in the highest" in scholarly Mandarin, and Chinese boys dressed to represent the Magi of old brought their presents to lay before the Infant King in swaddling clothes.

One of the most touching Christmas plays I ever saw was in South China. One of the sisters had translated Benson's Christmas play into Cantonese, and the play was given by Chinese novices, just as dusk set in on Christmas eve. There was no snow, no cold wind here. The Judean shepherds gathered about a little Chinese brazier wherein the charcoal glowed redly, shining on Oriental faces that seem so fitting with the flowing robes of Bible times. A pot of rice was cooking —really cooking—on the fire, and the shepherds ladled out steaming bowlfuls as they talked about the strange signs in the heavens and the coming of the Messias. Overhead were the green branches of a great banyan tree, and beyond were the stars, and over all a great silence, except for the simple Cantonese dialogue as the play went on. Perhaps the poverty of equipment and the lack of "props" other than those in daily use in the poorest of Chinese houses made the play so beautifully what it was—a real drama of the poor couple from Nazareth and of the Babe born in a stable.

Farther south in Manila, too, Christmas comes with all the gaiety of the festival-loving Filipino people. The great old mission churches, some of them partly in ruins, resound with the Christmas music and the crowds that come to Mass. Santa Claus comes there too, but he has no chimneys, since the houses in a tropical land have more need for electric fans than for fireplaces. However, Santa shows himself on the balconies and gives out presents to the happy youngsters, who find this method just as exciting after all. These are the people who have been Catholic since the time of the Spanish occupation of the Islands —an Oriental land that may be said to be Catholic.

So throughout the whole pagan world, even among surroundings yet darkly ignorant of Christ and the blessed star of Bethlehem, we find a stirring and a happy restlessness as the day draws near. Pagan darkness can never be quite the same again once those happy pilgrims have set out along the roads for the mission and the Christmas Mass and their meeting with the Babe who led the wise men from afar.

In The Dispensary

by

Sister M. Elise Wijnen, S.C.M.M., M.D.

It is only seven o'clock in the morning, but already the coolness of the early hours is beginning to disappear before the heat of the sun. In order to escape its discomfort, would-be patients make their way to Holy Family dispensary at the earliest possible hour—in midsummer they often are found sitting on the doorstep or in the compound before Sister comes to open the doors!

Most of these women know very well that they will have to wait until the doctor sahib has finished her operations or ward-rounds. But they do not seem to mind this at all. The dispensary waiting room is a grand place for a chat; it is cool and comfortable. Here Sikhs and Mohammedans and Hindus meet on common ground. For many of these women this may be the only opportunity for doing so in all their lives. It is no wonder that they make the most of it! Symptoms are exchanged, advice asked and given, babies compared and admired, household details discussed, and small grievances aired. It takes the place of the English tea, or the American bridge party!

One cannot help being struck by the remarkably good manners and real kindness which these women display towards each other. Once in a while a Mohammedan woman will kneel in a corner, on her little mat, to say the prescribed prayers of her creed. The people around her quiet down for a few minutes and look at her with real interest and respect. A little later a baby begins to cry and disturbs the peace, but the other patients merely smile and make some pitying or joking remark to the mother. Some other time a toothless old crony starts holding forth at great length, while the young women around her listen attentively and nod their heads in agreement. Religion, old age, motherhood, suffering of any kind, all are treated

"Smiling all the way" as Sister Virginia escorts them to the gates of Holy Family Hospital . . .

"Weighing in," with Sister Alma Julia at the scales!

with the greatest respect and kindness. Mockery, anger, bad temper, or sulkiness are rare indeed, especially among the poor.

Finally the doctor arrives and one by one the patients filter through the consulting rooms. The variety in diagnoses is often startling; they range from an anxious young girl with a few pimples to an old village woman with a forty-pound tumor in her abdomen. In between are all the ills known to man—and womankind, to say nothing of the children. Babies straddling their mother's hip, are carried in, covered with ulcers or racked with cough and fever. Half-starved infants, wasted to mere skin and bones from severe diarrhea or simply lack of mother's milk, are brought just in time to receive their passport to a better land. Although more and more women are coming for prenatal care, it is still very difficult to get them to bring their babies back regularly for guidance and supervision in the first critical years. It takes a great deal of education and encouragement to establish such a practice.

Among these women patients there is the widest difference imaginable. Some are clean, handsome, well-dressed, poised and intelligent. Others dissolve in tears at a moment's notice, become flustered or hysterical for the slightest reasons, and could not give a coherent story of their troubles if their lives depended on it!

The greatest sorrow of an Indian woman's life is to have no children. Many of these pitiful creatures make the rounds of doctors and hospitals for years and years, and finally seek escape and sympathy in chronic ill-health. Strangely enough the diagnosis, "hysteria," carries with it no stigma to these people. Women will often mention it as one of the diseases they have had, along with typhoid and malaria. Fainting fits and convulsions are the order of the day for some of them.

And so it goes, from seven to twelve every weekday, case after case, tragic, comic and commonplace. The treatment varies in the same manner, from an operation to a scolding, from an injection to a "pat on the back."

Ingenuity and versatility rank with patience and perseverance as medical missionary virtues, particularly in the dispensary!

As for the well-known maxim that "well-ordered charity begins at home," I fear it is a great error and a pagan one that has crept surreptitiously into our Christian language. Real charity does not say: "Me first; you afterwards." That is the language of egoism. Real charity does not even say: "You first; me afterwards." But in suppressing differences and fusing all in a perfect union, it says: "Between you and me, and between me and you, I want things to be in common, with no distinction made between Jews and Greeks, slaves and free men, black and white; because we love our neighbor as ourselves in that perfect unity which is Christ, Who makes both one."—Pierre Charles, S.J.

Thou Art The Physician

by

The Rev. Benedict Ehmann

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord . . ." (Mark 1:3)

Advent is much more than living in imagination in the centuries of the Patriarchs and Prophets. Any season of the Church Year is more than a memorial. It is a re-living in the here and now of the power of Christ, communicated to us in Christ.

Christmas is not only Christ's Birthday. It is also our birthday, bringing us an increase of that grace of regeneration by which, in Baptism, we became by adoption what Jesus is by nature—sons of God.

This is the deep truth underlying the text of a lovely Christmas card I saw recently: **"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born and not within thyself thy soul will be forlorn."**

And Pope St. Leo the Great preaches to us from the lectern of Christmas Matins:

". . . when we were dead in sins, the Father gave us life through Christ, so that we might be, in Him, a new creature and a new handiwork. We should therefore put off the old man with his actions. As reborn in Christ's birth, we should have no more to do with the works of sinful flesh. Christian, wake up to your nobility. You are a consort of the divine nature: do not, by ignoble living, go back to your old nothingness. Remember of what Head and of what Body you are a member. Reflect that you have been abducted from the power of darkness, and carried into the light and kingdom of God."

Christmas, then, is our birthday, as well as Christ's, or better, it is our birthday in Christ. On it, if we are zealous for God, we receive a new influx of the grace of our adoption, so that, as time goes on, our nature may be brought more and more completely into its scope until our final consummation in the light of glory.

Even as the birthday of the Son of God had its forerunners, so does our birthday into grace. The first Advent was a long tutelage of pain and anguished hope. Our Advent now is reduced to miniature, but it must be filled with the same hunger and thirst for justice. Hundreds of times, **Veni Emmanuel** surges from the Church's deep heart during the holy weeks of waiting, not as if we did not already possess Him, but that we may possess Him more, or (more truly) that He may possess us more with new impulses of grace.

Only so will our souls be harrowed and furrowed for the deeper implanting of the seed of Christmas. It is only the hungry whom God fills with His good things. The rich, those who are well satisfied with themselves, He sends empty away.

Advent, then, is not only a memorial. It is a time of present power, in which we move from grace to grace toward a fuller consummation of our divine adoption.

As tutor of our Advent, the Church our Mother places in our hearts the words of ancient longing—in particular the grand aspirations and faithful hopes of Isaias, of John the Baptist, and of Mary in the months of her Expectation. Our own words are feeble. The Church enlarges them with the patrician utterance of the great heralds of the first dawn of grace. With **their** words on our

We will not wish you security. For we remember that "security is mortal's chiefest enemy." And we know that you can be secure only when you can stand everything that can happen to you.—Sister M. Madeleva.

lips, our hearts may stretch their narrow bounds and enter into the fulness of the Church's eager **Maranatha, Come, Lord Jesus.**

Advent December is far more deeply Mary's month than May or October, for here her feasts are in the mainstorm of the Lord's cycle. There is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, first-fruits of Christ's coming, the inaugural of the Good News, fulfilling the ancient Promise to Eve. There is the Incarnation Mass of Ember Wednesday, known as the Golden Mass for its beauty and excellence; the Church weaves the first Joyful Mystery into the very fabric of the Mass. And on Ember Friday there is the Mass of the Visitation, with Mary's **Magnificat** and the hallowing of the Baptist in his mother's womb. And then, crown of all, there is the Feast of the Nativity of Jesus, with the Virgin Mother enveloped in the splendors of her Son, and with the Church, like her, "keeping all these things in her heart."

Mary, then, is the central figure in our Advent triptych. On either side of her are Isaias and John the Baptist. Of all the Old Testament prophets, Isaias is the grandest. His prophecy is not only the longest but the most sublime. He, more than any of the others, saw the depth and the height of the splendor that was to come with Emmanuel. That is why the Church, in her Divine Office, reads from his exalted pages throughout this holy season.

It is Isaias who foresaw the Virgin Mother and declared the name of her Son, Emmanuel. He it is who announced that this birth would be a flowering from the root of Jesse, and the harbinger of a time when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid: the calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child lead them." And it is Isaias's heart-cry which the Church makes so specially her Advent motif: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One."

John the Baptist was the immediate Forerunner and Herald. That was his special mission. "Thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways."

The great Advent was at hand. When ancient kings made a progress through their dominions, couriers and supervisors kept constantly ahead of them to prepare the way: they felled trees, filled up hollow places, laid roads for the easy journeying of their lord.

It was not for easy journeying that the Lord God sent His courier ahead of Him. It was to prepare the crooked and rough ways in men's souls. It was to kindle again the ancient longing and hope. It was to inspire penance, "for the kingdom of God is at hand."

The Divine Physician came with the Medicine of salvation: but it would not cure without the desire for health. The Divine Redeemer came to break the bondage of sin and to restore Adam's children to Paradise: but souls would not be drawn to their redemption without a homesickness for their lost heritage. The Divine Victim gave Himself as the Bread of life: but it would be left untasted by souls without a "hunger and thirst after justice."

So the Baptist preaches to us in the Advent days. We must enter into the desert place of penance where he dwells, feeding on locusts and wild honey. We must lend ourselves to the work he urges us to do—straightening what is crooked, smoothing what is rough, filling up what is missing, levelling what is exalted by pride and vanity.

We should not let the buzz and flurry of commercial excitement during this season occupy us more than the serious business of paying heed to Mary, and Isaias, and the Baptist, and going into retreat with them. Only if we live and feel with our Mother Church during Advent will our souls be healed and enlarged by the graces of Christmas. **"Prepare ye the way of the Lord . . ."**

O Wisdom! that proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end mightily, and sweetly disposing all things: come and teach us the way of prudence.

O Adonai, and leader of the house of Israel! who appeared to Moses in the fire of the flaming bush, and gavest him the law on Sinai: come and redeem us by thy outstretched arm.

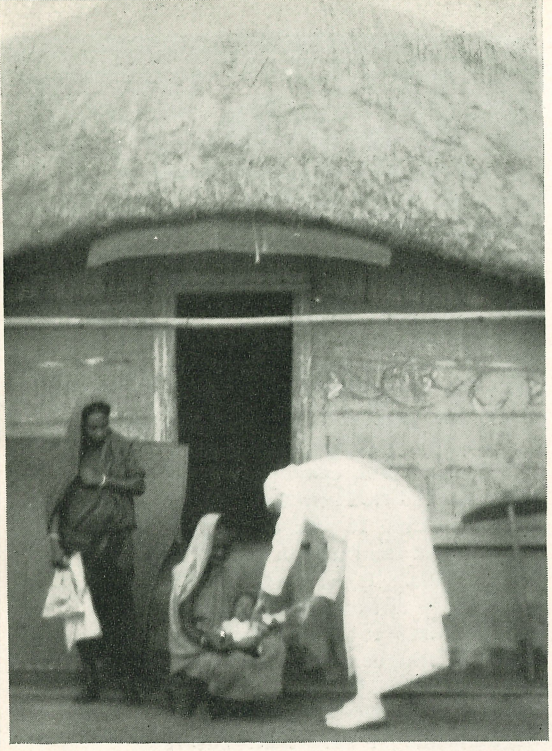
O Root of Jesse! who standest as the ensign of the people; before whom kings shall not open their lips; to whom the nations shall pray: come and deliver us; tarry now no more.

O Key of David, and Sceptre of the house of Israel! who openest and no man shutteth; who shuttest, and no man openeth: come and lead the captive from prison, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death.

O Orient! splendor of eternal light, and Sun of Justice! come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

O King of nations and their desired One, and the Corner-Stone that makest both one: come and save man whom thou formedst out of slime.

O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Expectation and Savior of the nations! come and save us, O Lord our God!



Indian Trilogy

A "three-cornered" view of India . . . babies, donkies, and winter sunshine . . .

"A CHILD WAS BORN . . ."

"Sister, wake up, you must go out with Sister on a case. Hurry, for the man who is to guide you is waiting!"

Almost before I realized what it was all about, I joined Sister in the hall and we hurried out the door, just as the clock was striking 3 a.m. (Why do doors squeak and creak their loudest just when one is trying to slip out quietly without disturbing the whole house?)

The man who had come to call us to attend his wife was waiting, lantern in hand, and greeted us with the usual "salaam." He took Sister's bag and started ahead, leading the way. There were no "tongas" (one-horse carts) at this hour, so we were obliged to walk, hurrying as fast as we could in the darkness. All along the way bullock carts, piled high with straw, were stopped on the roadside, the drivers rolled in blankets lying on the ground beside their carts. Occasionally we would pass dark shrouded figures of men, often coolies, hurrying along in the darkness. The turmoil and the bustle of the day was silent, hushed under the veil of darkness and the twinkling stars.

Finally our guide turned down a narrow lane through a field and pounded loudly on the wooden gate of a small house. There was the clang of a chain and the gate was opened by a little boy—then closed and bolted again after us. A woman, a relative of the patient, met us at the door and ushered us into the room—the guide would not be allowed inside. From the faint light of a "butti" (a very small oil lamp) and an "anghiti" (charcoal stove) filled with glowing coals, we made out the form of a woman lying in a corner on the floor. As Sister bent over her, large shadows loomed on the wall and seemed to delight in making grotesque figures. A goat slept peacefully in one corner of the room, while two women were squatting on a "charpoy" (string bed), solemnly pondering and discussing the patient's condition.

So it was that the babe was born, and added its lusty cry to the bleating of a little kid, tied to the leg of the "charpoy." The relatives were especially happy because it was a boy, although they kept telling the mother it was a girl! (That was to mislead any evil spirits that might be about!) After we had done all we could to make the mother and her little son quite "khush," (contented) we said "salaam" to the household and stepped out into the now-dawning day.

What a relief it was to get into the fresh air again! Goats, people and "anghities," closed up together in a little room, do not contribute much toward our standards of adequate ventilation!

The husband, waiting outside the door, jumped to his feet as we came out, and after many "mihrbani's" (expressions of gratitude), took Sister's bag and escorted us back to the hospital. We arrived just in time for Holy Mass, and when the King of Kings was raised so all might adore Him, a fervent prayer was offered for this new little soul so dear to the heart of Jesus, yet which, without His mercy would remain in darkness!

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT: This unusual happening in man's heart during the Christmas season—the longing to make others happy—can be explained only in relation to the Divine Love that nineteen hundred years ago came from Heaven to teach, to suffer and to die in order that all Men of Good Will may have Peace on earth and eternal happiness after death by giving Glory to God in the Highest.—Frater J.H. Golden.

"A DONKEY THERE WAS AND HE CARRIED SOME HAY . . ."

Speaking of the servants' quarters reminds me of the dhobi's (laundry-man's) donkey. When I first came here, I innocently asked what kind of an animal it was. I was told it was a donkey. Later I found that this whole countryside is filled with such donkeys who are the beasts of burden for the poor man and the laborer. They are known as the "Indian donkey"—they are the size of a large dog, with a donkey's head. Their heads, though, seem a little different from our donkeys' heads, although where the difference lies I cannot explain. They have such a meek, kindly expression—always half-smiling with a dreamy twinkle in their eyes.

Why they should appear so contented I do not know, as their lives are hard enough. All day long you see them pass with loads of straw and bricks, and bundles of clothes and produce of every kind. When they are loaded with so light a commodity as straw, the packs are so huge that they hardly miss touching the ground, and from the side you would think it was a pack of straw walking off by itself, so completely is the animal covered! But often you can see just the feet moving quickly and perhaps a twitch of the tail—or getting a look from the front you catch a glimpse of the smiling donkey face far back under the canopy of its load—and you know it is not magic, but an animal that furnishes the locomotion. Occasionally you see a man seated on a donkey, riding home from work, and you feel like saying, "Why don't you pick up the poor animal and carry it home instead of breaking its back?" The man looks ridiculous anyway, as his feet will touch the ground on either side unless he lifts his legs up almost to a squatting position.

But to get back to the dhobi's donkey. When first I came I used to find it pastured off our back porch at night or after the day's work was done. A little later it was stabled on the dhobi's porch. As the six square feet of the dhobi's porch is also the kitchen and diningroom and workroom for "Mrs. Dhobi" when her husband and the donkey are away doing the hospital wash, I took it for granted that she was not entirely pleased with the arrangement. But as the hospital is on the other side of the convent and I see the dhobi's porch and donkey only when going to and from Mass in the morning, I cannot fill in the details of the day's program.

Then the weather grew colder, and I no longer saw the donkey either tied under the tree to our porch or on the dhobi's porch. Surely the dhobi did not sell the donkey! It was essential to his trade as washerman. Surely he would not leave it to roam the fields to be stolen or frozen to death these cold winter nights! Could he have hired a garage—I mean a shed!

Then one morning the mystery was solved. Passing on the way to Mass I noticed that the door into the dhobi's house was slightly opened—the dhobi had probably gone to the hydrant for some water—and there stood the donkey inside the house, munching its breakfast! What was the motive of moving the donkey indoors? But everybody does it in India! Sometimes the donkey has one room and the family the other—but sometimes all are together.

The question that is disturbing my meditations is this: Was the donkey brought inside because of compassion for the poor animal on account of the cold winter nights—or was it for compassion on the poor dhobi's family to help keep them warm these same cold winter nights? People keep dogs inside—why not donkeys?—especially Indian donkeys!

"From the front you catch a glimpse of the smiling donkey face under the canopy of its load . . ."

"WHEN WINTER COMES . . ."

It is very difficult to make a definite statement about a people without making many qualifications, as conditions in India as in America, differ so in north, south, east or west, with wealth or poverty. Therefore when we say, "In India they do so and so," or "In America such is the case," we really mean that such an action or mode of living is found generally among the average or middle-class population.

So when winter comes, as the weather gets colder and colder, we find that the reaction to the fall in temperature in various countries differs. In the United States, we turn on more steam; in England, they put on more clothes; in India, they move out into the sun!

Looking out of the train window on the way to Rawalpindi at the passing villages and even the isolated mud huts in the plains, one of the first unusual things to attract attention is the number of "charpoys" (string beds) outside the dwellings, even in the early morning sunlight. One wonders if their occupants are taking a nap before getting to work! It never dawned on me that they were sleeping outside instead of inside because it was warmer.

Going through the streets of Rawalpindi at any time of the day (this is the "cold season"), you will find the beds pulled out into the open the same way—out to the sunlight, where it is really very warm at noonday. There the people sleep or work or play cards. Others move into the courtyards or go on the roof for the same reason. As the sun goes down and the temperature falls again, they probably—if they have the means—build a little fire in their portable stoves and heat up the interior of their rooms before retiring for the night.

What cold weather means without central heating was impressed upon me more forcibly one day when visiting a sick woman in her home. It was the average type of house, with perhaps four rooms around an inner courtyard. The sun was beginning to go down so that there was no sunlight directly in the courtyard. When we walked in, the patient was not to be seen. Looking up we saw her and all the other women and children of the household huddled together in the five or six feet of sunlight in one corner of the flat, low roof. The patient and two of the women came down to greet us in the cold rooms below, and during our ten-minute stay there I noticed how the remaining occupants of the room huddled closer together, following the patch of sunlight. I suppose when the last rays disappeared they came down, built the usual fire in their portable pottery stoves, cooked their supper, all gathering around to catch what heat they could, until the last embers died away, and then went to bed.

In these unheated brick and cement houses, such as our own hospital, built for the heat of summer instead of for the cold of the brief winter, it is amazing to feel the difference between the cold inside and the lovely warmth of the roof above. Therefore we find—like the natives—that the roof is the most popular spot, and every noon at our free time numbers of us are up there sitting, reading, or sewing, or only resting in the pleasant sun. As the view is also superb, with a whole northern horizon of Himalayas, now snow-capped peaks changing the picture, we are almost reluctant to come down to earth again.

The direct purpose of missionary medical work is to relieve suffering, in the spirit of Christ. It is not indeed mere "philanthropy," but an exercise of CHRISTIAN CHARITY, and as such, it has its end in itself. It is exercised towards all men, simply because they suffer, not because we want to convert them.

As such it has always been an integral part of the life of the Church. It is the Church that has almost entirely created the SERVICE of the sick and suffering. The history of European civilization is there to prove it. In mission countries this exercise of Christian charity is particularly necessary, because the need for it is greater; widespread disease, frequent epidemics, ignorance and prejudice, scarcity of competent doctors, are the cause of frightful miseries and of an appaling death rate. To take only the children in the big cities of India, out of every hundred infants, thirty die in their first year; many others contract blindness or disabling infirmities which could easily be avoided.

The service of the sick, we have said, does not directly aim at conversions; it is not strictly missionary work but a necessary exercise of charity. It is however a precious auxiliary of the missions, since it helps missionary action in two ways: (1) It contributes to build up a strong and healthy Christianity. (2) Charity is a way of witnessing to Christ, and thus draws souls to His religion—besides giving access to souls shut off from the ordinary action of the missionary, v.g., most of the women of India.

For the Perseverance of Neophytes

by

THE REV. JOHN S. SPENCE

One of St. Paul's chief concerns was the perseverance in the Faith of those converted from Judaism. None knew better than he, because he was a convert himself, the danger of "relapse" to those whom the devil personally endeavored to win away from the Truth. Once the novelty of Christianity had worn off, once the thrill of receiving the Sacraments had subsided, once the joy of holding Christ's hand had been overcome by the pressure of carrying Christ's cross, the neophytes from Judaism were too often the willing victims of Satan's persuasion to go back to the religion of ease and comfort, so freely practised and enjoyed throughout the formative years of their youth.

The same temptation to "relapse" has confronted nearly every convert to the True Faith ever since. Whether they be converts from paganism in mission lands, or whether they be converts from some heretical or schismatical Christian sect, they all experience that same pull back, they all must answer the question for themselves: "Is the Truth worth such a price?"

Very often it is the opposition and sometimes the disinheritance of loved ones that challenges their perseverance in the Faith. After all, the human love of family, relatives and friends is a compelling passion in every heart. And when one is faced with the dilemma of lessening or killing that human love of tangible flesh or lessening or killing the divine love of intangible Spirit, how many are strong enough to make the proper choice? It takes strong faith and special grace for spirit to triumph over matter!

Again, it is often the remembrance of pleasure and privileges once enjoyed with perfect right under the former religion, but forbidden and condemned by the new, that prompts the neo-convert to cast off the sweet yoke of Christ and His Church and revert to the free and easy standards of the past. The memory of the former "laissez-faire" manner of worship, the former emphasis on faith alone and under-emphasis of good works, ofttimes clouds the important issue of "Truth against Error," and prompts the convert to make his choice only between self-denial and self-gratification. It takes strong faith and special grace for sacrifice to prevail over indulgence!

Finally, the inevitable passing of sensible delight that at first accompanies one's profession of the Faith persuades many a convert that the Catholic religion has lost its force, that it is only a hollow crystal ball—bright and attractive without, but empty and worthless within, a fragile, perishable toy not practical or substantial. They have been so used to basing religion on sentiment rather than on conviction, that they find it hard to cling to the religion of Christ which appeals essentially to the head and only accidentally to the heart. It takes strong faith and special grace for the soul to supersede the body!

From these sketchy reasons it can be seen that neophytes have particular claim on our prayers for their perseverance. Let us all unite in beseeching the Heavenly Throne to hearken to our intercession for this month's Mission Intention.

Like the Prophet Ezechiel, who was commanded by the Lord to eat the book of the Law, you should mentally consume and digest the Sacred Volume, until it becomes bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, and is intertwined with every fiber of your heart.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Peter and the Village Tour

by

SISTER ALMA JULIA, S.C.M.M., M.T., PH.D.

(Concluded from November)

It was seven p.m. when we arrived for five o'clock tea.

"They will wait for us. A couple of hours doesn't matter," Father said.

When we arrived Peter explained. Peter as usual seemed to be able to control any situation and to smooth over any difficulty. To hear him talk, we were angels from heaven going around "doing God's work," as he expressed it. The Mohammedan nodded his head and seemed to agree with whatever Peter said. It wasn't quite as embarrassing to me as it might have been because I could always pretend that I didn't understand or hear anything. Peter, by the way, speaks a most beautiful Hindustani, with what the Indians call a "sweet" voice. The Indians love to hear good oratory—they can listen to it by the hour, even if they don't understand a word of it! And Peter is an orator (which is another reason why I think that he should have been named Paul!).

That night, will you believe it? we needed little encouragement to get to sleep!

The "tonga" came for us again in the morning and brought us to Peter's house for Mass. The old woman in the courtyard was still saying her prayers, but she soon finished and rolled up her prayer mat and put it away. The older boy brought the buffaloes out of their stable and the younger was preparing their breakfast.

After Mass, breakfast again with the buffaloes. We had tea and bread with buffalo butter and milk—and hard-boiled eggs. The chickens and birds had crumbs and grass seeds and whatever odds and ends they could find. We saw the burned child again before leaving. She was still living—to our surprise. We also saw a few more patients who wandered in from the other villages. Then back to the Dak Bungalow, to settle accounts and pick up our luggage.

Father and Peter had changed their minds about going back on the train. It seemed there were a couple of villages on the way where they wanted us to see some patients. So we stopped here and there and now and again, and saw more malaria and oriental sores and anemia—and even brushed up against a leper in one of the narrow streets! Here it is not required that lepers call out "unclean." In fact, there seems to be no law of segregation. But in this section there is very little leprosy compared with most of India.

Gradually we were nearing home. In one village we had tea in the house of a rich merchant, and ate our lunch there, after seeing quite a number of patients in the compound. With all their troubles the women seemed so cheerful wherever we went, but in this place they had less sickness, were less ignorant and were even more gracious than anywhere else. In the women's quarters they seemed to love to gather around us and question us. I am sure that many of them had never seen a white face before, so we were quite a curiosity!

Our last stop was at the home of an Irishman in charge of a large industrial place, a city in itself. He employs 1200 men and has quarters for about half of them at the works. Although he had been in India about thirty years, and in this charge about twenty, he still had a delightful Irish brogue. He guided us through the whole plant, showed us the model homes they were building for the workmen, the plant's hospital, and many other interesting things. We asked the Indian doctor in charge if they had any malaria cases.

"We used to have many," he said, "when I first came, but then the 'Boss' started mosquito control, cleared up wet spots, installed sanitary measures, and now we seldom see a case."

Imagine! Within ten and twenty miles almost all the people were dying of or ill with malaria, and here, with a few well-known and simple measures, the disease was practically stamped out! If only this Irishman could carry out the same measures over most of India, it would mean a million less deaths a year. It is not lack of knowledge, it is lack of responsible officials in charge—and in many cases lack of funds; perhaps lack of public health education should come first.

The Irishman's wife, an equally delightful person, gave us tea, and she and her husband brought us back to Rawalpindi in their car. But there was no room for Peter, and he was sent ahead on the train with the luggage.

Poor Peter! Faithful Peter! Zealous Peter! He would be there ahead of us, waiting, as he had waited for us at the little junction where we had had to change trains; as he had waited outside the little frontier villages while we held our "dispensary;" as he had waited these several years for skilled medical help to supplement the supplies of medicines which he had always carried back on his return from Pindi—as he is waiting for us to come again, and bring health and happiness to his people.

Is it any wonder that a missionary longs to be—quintuplets?

Thy Light is come, O Jerusalem, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee; and the Gentiles shall walk in the light. Alleluia!—From Antiphons of First Vespers of Christmas

Jahan!

by

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

"Jahan! Jahan!"

"Han, (yes) Sister."

"Go to the bazaar and get a maund (measure) of rice."

"Achcha, Sister."

Twenty hours later: "Jahan, where is that rice?"

"I am going now, at once, to get it."

Twelve hours later it appears—perhaps!

"Jahan, go to the bazaar and get some sheeting just like this, **now, today.**"

Several hours later: "Jahan, did you get the sheeting?"

"No! No sheeting in the bazaar today."

"Oh, Jahan, you know there is!"

"I will go tomorrow."

"You mean next week." After all, it is very warm, and sister has been waiting for that sheeting. But irony means nothing to Jahan. The answer comes with imperturbable calm.

"As God wills it."

Jahan was the only servant in the compound for the first few months the sisters were in Patna. And what a Jahan! He was the most expert sitter that ever existed, and the incarnation of placidity. He never did anything today that he could put off until next week or the week after that. At first he seemed utterly hopeless as a servant. At least once a week he was dismissed, but he always turned up on pay day and now he seems to be an old reliable.

It always takes him half a day to do the ordinary daily little bazaar. He makes one trip for a few pounds of meat, another for a dozen or two of eggs, another for the vegetables and another for the fruit. Thus he manages to spend most of his day in the bazaar, well out of sight and sound of any little jobs of work!

One day Jahan decided to raise chickens. He let them run loose on the compound. Chickens would be found in the wards, roosting on bed rails—even in the operating room. But when one triumphantly announced to the world that it had laid an egg on a ward bed, the chickens were banished. However Jahan was not entirely resigned. He tied strings around the hens' legs and led them out to "graze," staked to the ground. But gradually the vultures got them or they made their way into the soup kettle until there was only one vicious old fellow left. He would fly at anyone who came near him; one fine day he attacked a child and pecked it until the blood ran—so that ended the chickens!

The sisters decided to raise goats. Did Jahan know about goats? Yes, Jahan knew all about goats. What would he do if a goat got sick? Well, he would open the goat's mouth and rub the tongue until it bled and then the goat would be better.

The goat and its two children arrived. Jahan called upon his wife to do the milking—a tremendous procedure! It took at least three men and six small boys to perform the operation — four to hold a leg each, two to hold its horns and at least two to give advice. In spite of all Jahan's knowledge and treatment, the two babies died and with their demise, the sisters' enthusiasm for raising flocks of goats died down.

One day outside the sisters' sleeping quarters there was a snake skin, and inside, another.

"Oh, Jahan," said the sister, "are there many snakes around here?"

"Plenty," replied Jahan. "This is a very old place and the ceilings are so high that the walls are hollow half way up. Hundreds of snakes live and breed in those walls."

Jahan is blessed—or cursed—with an imagination!

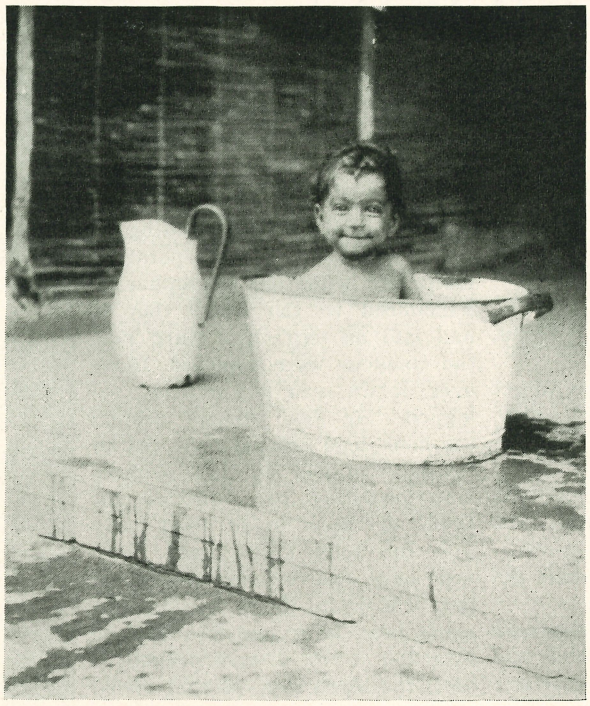
At one time, according to Jahan, men were breaking into the compound. So he assumed a patriarchal air and did sentry-go most of the night. He dressed himself up in black so that he could not be seen—and frightened some of the sisters almost to death when they happened to be crossing the compound from the hospital to their own quarters. He would be squatting somewhere in the darkness, and noiselessly rise up as the sister passed by.

One night one of the sisters asked Jahan if he had seen anyone.

"No," said he, "but I had just gone to sleep when they came over the wall."

But Jahan's chief delight is to act as altar boy at Benediction. Then, dressed in voluminous red cassock (which is very necessary to cover all the deficiencies beneath it!), wearing a dainty surplice and swinging the censor with might and main, a big smile on his dark face, Jahan is in his glory.

INDIA AHEAD!



Our travelers enroute to Rawalpindi have had some very interesting stop-overs in and about the Dutch East Indies. Here are some excerpts from Sister Mary Hedwig's account of their travels:

I hope you received our earlier letters from Honolulu and Manila. After we left there, no one knew where we would go, but soon we found ourselves in the China Sea, on the way to Batavia.

In Batavia we visited some of the Jesuit Fathers, who told us about their work in Java among the Mohammedans. Their first mission station proved to be unsuccessful, but thirty years later the mission was re-established. The people wanted schools, they said, with Western education, so schools the Fathers gave them, together with training centers for native teachers. Religion was not taught or even talked about, but slowly, one by one, the Mohammedans came for instruction, with the result that now they have four native parishes!

After leaving Batavia, we first returned to Samarang and anchored there for loading. Then we went on to Singapore, crossing the Equator once more. . . .

Today the sea is very calm—quite ideal for the little flying fish. They have "wings," and often remain in the air for quite a long time—it is fascinating to watch them. At night we see many "fire" fishes, too. And so both our days and our nights are full of wonders!

Many greetings to all!

* * *

Sister M. Nicola continues with her narrative of the same trip:

One more day and we shall be in Madras, our first stop in British India! You see, we are coming closer, and if we don't stop too many days in harbor, we shall reach Bombay in about two weeks. Although everything is as pleasant as can be on the boat, we are very anxious to get to Pindi—we know from the "feel" of the temperature that we are coming closer and closer to the goal!

On October seventh we arrived in Batavia, and stayed with the Ursuline Sisters who teach there. Many children attend their school, but as they were home on vacation at the time, there was ample room for accommodations. Immediately we were made to feel very much at home, and had some real "Dutch visits"! However, two of the sisters were Irish, and one other spoke English, so our American sisters did not feel lost in the Dutch surroundings!

On our sight-seeing trip we went through both Upper and Lower Batavia, and passed so many interesting places—native slum districts, the most modern of modern streets, and crowded market places. As we crossed the river, we saw many people out washing their clothes—an operation they accomplished by beating them on

Cheerfulness is a kind of daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Addison.

the stone steps or on bamboo lying in the water. The clothes turned out to be surprisingly clean, though one would not expect very promising results from laundering done in such muddy water! I am sure that if a baby were dropped into the river, it would be difficult to find it, for the color of the water is no different from that of the natives' skin!

In the city, everything is very tidy, even the marketplace—only the smell of the fish is quite enough to keep one away from there! Several times I tried to speak to the natives, but very few understand or speak Dutch. It was different in the center of the city, where the sisters have beautiful schools. The teaching sisters are very busy here, and even conduct classes during the holidays.

Our second morning in Batavia we attended Mass at the Cathedral, and later visited the hospital of the Sisters of Carolus Boromeus. It is the first and only Catholic hospital there, and was established twenty-five years ago. It is as modern as can be, with air-conditioning, very up-to-date rooms, splendid equipment, etc. There are many Javanese in training, though most of the students are from Holland.

At noon on October tenth, we left for Samarang, where we arrived at day-break the next morning. There was no harbor, but we had an opportunity to go ashore in a small motor boat. Sisters Dolores, Hedwig and Damien did not care to go, but Sister Helen Xavier and I made the trip. We reached shore in about twenty minutes, and immediately set out to find the nearest Catholic church, which turned out to be the Cathedral of the first Javanese bishop! Opposite the church was the convent and school of the Franciscan Sisters of Heythuisen. We spent about three hours with them and visited some of the schools. They teach about 1,100 Catholic children; they have a school for Europeans, one for Javanese, and an orphanage as well. The Mother Provincial, who came to Java in 1903, has since established a novitiate there.

The sisters were most gracious to us——wherever we go, the people are so kind. Everywhere we are made to feel right at home, as members of one family!

"You have no right to fool a boy into the sacrifice of the Missions. Build up within his soul the image of the Crucified, and then tell him he is going into the continuation of the life that ended on the Cross. He will have to suffer—perhaps as much as these martyrs whose relics I have brought you, perhaps more, in the spirit as well as in the body. Tell him that the Reason for all missionary work is the order: 'Go and preach'; that the Means is pain; and that the End, namely, success and conversion of souls, is a matter which rests with God alone and which does not touch our vocation at all. If they will not take service on those terms, they are not the Apostolic men we need." — "The Price of Dawning Day" (T. Gavin Duffy).

When we returned to our little boat, there was quite a bit of wind, and for the first time we felt the ups and downs. Those sitting in front received a good shower, but fortunately for us, the "best seats were reserved for the sisters"! The three "home sisters" on the deck were watching for us, and, I'm afraid, taking real delight in viewing our efforts to make the step up the gangplank! The sea was really rough, and we were truly grateful for the assistance that was proffered.

From Samarang we went to Singapore, where we arrived on October fourteenth about noontime. It was a long time before we could get off the boat, but before dark we had managed to locate a church where we could attend Mass the next morning. It was in the Chinese section that we landed, but we saw men of many different races. In the evening dusk, the dark, sharp faces with their penetrating eyes, and the Sikhs with their long hair and beards, appeared very strange and somewhat frightening. But all fears were dispelled in the morning sunlight, when we saw these same men sitting in their family circles, talking and playing with the children.

Here the people have the same customs as in Java, and carry everything in wicker baskets which hang on a bamboo stick crossed over one shoulder. We saw only the women drawing water. This they carried in the same manner, in large wooden buckets——filled to the very brim, and yet nary a drop did we see them spill!

In Manila and Batavia the carriages were all drawn by ponies, but here, man-power served instead. Pulling two or three people up-hill must be hard work!

Our next stop will be in Colombo and then—Bombay! You will hear from us as soon as we arrive there!

* * *

AND WE DID! In early November the long-awaited cable came—our travelers arrived safely in Bombay!

We thank each one of you who have joined with us in praying that our Mission Band might have a safe journey. One more favor we would ask: that you unite with us in a full and sincere prayer of gratitude to God for watching over them!

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the soul of:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. P. Schellhorn, Rochester, N. Y.

Sister Mary Joseph, Hartford, Conn.

"May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen."

In Our Library

STEPPING STONES TO SANCTITY: Gleanings from the spiritual direction and teaching of Rev. Paul Conniff, S.J., by Rosalie Marie Levy. New York, 1941. $1.00.

Friends of Father Conniff, S.J., who were privileged to come under his sanctifying influence from the time he began his teaching as a Jesuit scholastic at Fordham University until his death in 1940, will applaud this compilation of his wise and holy counsels by one who knew him for more than twenty years. The presentation of the subject matter, under headings such as Humility, Meditation, and Practical Helps to Sanctity, facilitate the use of this book, so that it can be easily picked up for "now-and-then reading." This arrangement, together with the short biographical sketch of Father Conniff, will surely draw more admirers and followers of this great priest.

* * *

THE GRACE OF GUADALUPE by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner, Inc., 1941. 185 pp., clothbound. $2.00.

"Lady, I go to do your bidding. As your humble servant, I take my leave of you." Simple words uttered by a most simple man, Juan Diego, on the heights of Tepeyac, not far from Mexico City. Juan was an uncultured, unlettered Mexican Indian. He had come to a knowledge of the Catholic Faith through the efforts of Spanish missionaries who labored among his people. Great had been his sacrifices to preserve his newly acquired treasure. Here was his reward—a task assigned him by the Mother of God herself: to make her better known and loved in Mexico.

"God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform—and so does the Mother of God," writes Mrs. Keyes. How Our Lady worked through a poor, old Indian, and how she accomplished her task despite humanly insurmountable obstacles, is cleverly narrated in the fore-part of the book. The story of Juan Diego creates an atmosphere of suspense and lively interest for the reader, embodying at the same time a wealth of background and a deep understanding of the Mexican peasant.

Juan's ultimate triumph and the acceptance of the apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe bear witness to the truth of the author's observation concerning Our Lady: "How can we doubt that in her infinite wisdom she knows what aspect of her grace will be most comprehensible to her children, most helpful, most inspiring?" Truly, in revealing herself to Mexico under the aspect of her apparition at Tepeyac, Our Lady has touched the heart-strings of its people. Mrs. Keyes proves without doubt that Our Lady of Guadalupe plays a vital part in the lives of the Mexican people. She is represented in every possible place and takes part in every conceivable function.

"The Grace of Guadalupe" traces the history of its heroine from her first appearance at Tepeyac to the present day. The story involves popes, bishops and statesmen, saints and scholars, as well as the simple peasantry. Mrs. Keyes has kept her book historically sound without making it "heavy." Several good character sketches are included, among which those of Bishop Juan de Zumarraga and Lorenzo de Boturini are outstanding.

The author's impressions, given in the concluding chapter, serve to unify her work and at the same time leave the reader with the outstanding points firmly in his grasp. Above all, "The Grace of Guadalupe" brings Our Lady to us as a kind and loving mother, who in return for her beneficence, asks only to be remembered.

"They found the Child with Mary His Mother." Jesus is never found but with Mary and by Mary."—St. Francis of Assisi

* * *

SS. CYRIL AND METHODIUS, APOSTLES TO THE SLAVS, by the Rev. Cyril J. Potocek. Kennedy & Son, New York, 1941. 176 pp. $2.00.

All students of liturgy and "Oriental Rites" have welcomed this short account of the founders of the "Slavonic Rites," and the English translation of the Mass in the Byzantine-Slavonic Liturgy which takes up the latter part of the book.

These two brothers, scions of an aristocratic Greek family, brought Christianity to the Slavs and devised their written language back in the ninth century. Through their eyes we see into the racial background of these nations, vaguely termed the Slavs—Russians, Poles, Czeks, Slovaks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—who seem destined to play a leading part in the history of today, both Christian and national.

Like Christ at the Last Supper, praying "that all may be one," St. Cyril died praying that God might "preserve all in one spirit." May the Apostles of the Slavs obtain that now for the nations for whom they died!

ADVENT QUEST

Let's go hunting! . . .
Not in armored coat of mail,
Not with gun or club or flail,
Not for "game" on woodland trail—
Rugged, wild.
Let us hunt Immensity,
Unaffected Majesty—
Dare to seek Infinity
In a Child!

Wise men riding . . .
See them come from out the East,
Each on plodding desert beast;
Star to guide had they, at least,
To their Lord.
Frankincense, and myrrh and gold—
Oft the wondrous tale is told
How these sages, learned, old,
Knelt—**adored!**

Starlight stillness:
Shepherds on the hillsides keep
Watches over flocks of sheep,
Some on guard, and some asleep—
Hark! What singing!
Joyous angel choir is heard—
Cold the heart that is not stirred:
"Christ is born!" **Seek ye the Word!"**
Challenge ringing!

I go hunting:
Yet no star to guide have I,
Radiant light, nor angel cry,
Echoing summons from on high—
Gift to bring!
Bold, impassionate behest—
Seeking, searching, finds no rest—
Prompts the ragamuffin's quest
For his King!

Join me hunting?
Signs are there for those who see:
All of nature's pageantry—
Wind and bird and flower and tree—
Wealth unpriced!
Gifts they bring who hold the key:
"All things thou possess'th in Me!"
Trek the Advent Trail with me
Seeking Christ!

—Tic

Dear Friends:

"I questioned the sea and the depths, and the creeping things which have life, and they replied, 'We are not thy God, seek above us.' I questioned the blowing winds, and the whole air with its inhabitants replied, 'Anaximines is wrong; I am not God.' I questioned the heavens, sun, moon, stars; 'Neither are we,' say they, 'God Whom you seek.' And I said to all those things which standt about the doors of my flesh, 'Ye have told me of my God, that ye are not He; tell me now something of Him.' And they cried out with a loud voice, 'He made us.' My questioning was the directing of my mind towards them; their beauty, their reply . . . I questioned the whole fabric of the world about my God; and it replied to me, 'I am not He, but "He made me".'

"Is not this beauty manifest to all whose senses are perfect? Why, then, does it not convey the same truth to all? The animals, small and great, see it, but are unable to interrogate it; because there is no reason set over their senses, to receive from them, as a judge, their messages. But men are able to question, so that 'the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made;' but they are enslaved by their love of them, and so, subject to them, are unable to judge. Neither do these creatures make reply to those who question them, unless they can judge; not that they change their voice, that is, their appearance, because one man sees only, another sees and questions, so as to appear in one light to one man, in another to another; but appearing in the same way to both, it is mute to one, it speaks to the other—yea, it speaks to all; but they alone understand, who compare the utterance received from without with the truth within." (St. Augustine).

* * *

tHAt cAptIon iS TilLy's. I toLd hEr iT WaS moRe liKE a PERORRATION than a CAP-TION, bUt shE jUSt toLd mE noT To bE aN oLd siLlY, aNd BeEsiDes, I hAd pRomisEd She cOuld wRiTe iT, sO tTeRE iT iS!

thEre's oNLy rOom noW to REmINd yOu oNcE mOre tO sENd iN yoUr tiLlbOxeS—aNd to mAKe a VERY IMPORTANT reMarK:

A BLESSED CHRISTMAS
AND A K. S. *NEW YEAR
TO EVERY ONE OF YOU
from
Tilly, Paddy (Himself) and Tic.

*(you know: Keep Smiling!)

SR. M. KATHERINE, S.C.M.M.,
ST. BENEDICT'S CONVENT,
ST. JOSEPH, MINN.

"No Room--
--At the Inn"

"THERE IS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN," ACTUALLY APPLIES TO MILLIONS OF MOTHERS IN THE ORIENT. Our sisters, in their maternity and child-welfare work, frequently find mother and child lying on the floor in a shed.

Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, India, is the only CATHOLIC HOSPITAL of the Punjab—a region of twenty-five million people!

In a recent letter one of our sisters describes conditions at the hospital this way: "We are so overcrowded with patients, that the hospital creaks at the seams! In addition, between 80 and 130 women and children call on us for minor treatments every day. Present accommodations are entirely too small!"

We Need Your Help To Provide "Room at the Inn!" Help the Sick! Buy A Brick!

Send your "brick-blacking" donation to:
MOTHER ANNA DENGEL
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

I am delighted to join in your "black-in bricks" campaign. Enclosed please find $..... to cover .....bricks

Very sincerely,

.....

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."